

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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WALTER CHAMP,
"BUCE MILLER," Editors and Owners

WORRYIN'.

Come, John, let's sit awhile beneath this tree,
And talk the matter over, you and me.
The nearest neighbor lives a mile from here,
So we can think aloud without no fear.

Of course, we know the Lord ain't fur away;
But then He'll listen friendly, I daresay.
And p'raps a few stray angels are around;
But they won't trouble no one, I'll be bound.

So if I tell you we're alone, you see,
We're 'bout as much alone as we order be.
Well, John, you set to worryin' night and day,
'Cos all creation seems t' have gone astray.

The times is out of 'fint, that's what you think;
The chasm's there, and we're just on the brink.
Wisdom are dyin' out, and honest men
So scarce they're only met with now and then.

The old religion's kind o' lost its grip;
There's too much love, and not enough of whip.
To sum it up, the world is headed wrong;
The right's afraid, and evil's awful strong.

Now, John, I think you make a big mistake,
If God ain't noddin' need you keep awake?
John, God's right here a-watchin' things,
You know:—

And if He's patient can't you, too, be so?
Why don't you let Him run this world alone?
He doesn't need your arm to prop His throne.
So long as He is at the helm, my friend,
You're sartain sure to reach your journey's end.

No use to worry, though the waves run high;
No use to worry, though the rocks are nigh.
The Capten's wide awake, and knows what's best;
So all you've got to do's to be at rest.

The man who does each day the duty given,
Ain't never more than a stone's throw from Heaven;
And true religion every soul will fill
That listens as God whispers: "Peace!" be still.

—George H. Hepworth, in N. Y. Independent.

WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT.

BY LUKE SHARP.

THE freight steamer Russian Bear was thrashing along down the Pacific ocean with her blunt prow facing south, and the captain reckoned he was somewhere off the Queen Charlotte islands. The Bear was an iron ship of old-fashioned build and as slow as they make 'em; any old thing on the ocean could pass her; yet, pro tem, she was a passenger boat and was bringing down the last of the season's crop of Klondike miners. She was reputed to have over \$5,000,000 worth of gold dust and nuggets on board and her coming was watched for with some anxiety.

On the morning of the 7th the captain noticed on the western horizon what appeared to be a steamer coming towards him. As craft are scarce on these waters, except in the sealing season, the captain watched the stranger's approach with interest not unmixed with anxiety, because of the valuable cargo he had aboard. The sea was calm for the time of year, and the steamer seemed to be making for across the bows of the Bear. The captain ordered the flag hoisted, but the oncomer showed no answering colors, which did not tend to make the captain feel less uneasy. She was a trim craft, looking like a private yacht, painted black with two slim, tapering masts set at a rakish slope in line with her own funnel. She came swiftly through the water and turned her broadside toward the Russian Bear, when the man at the wheel calculated that she was as near as was safe, and her engines slowed down so that the stranger's speed more nearly accorded with the slow progress the larger ship was making. A man on the bridge came to the edge nearest the slower vessel and placing his hands to his mouth, shouted:

"Ship ahoy. Is that the Russian Bear?"

"Who are you?" roared the captain; "and what do you want?"

"I want an answer to my question; then I'll tell you what more I want."

After speaking, however, the newcomer did not wait for an answer, but gave a command to the man at the wheel, who promptly signaled for the engines to stop, whereupon the yacht dropped to the rear, notwithstanding the slowness of the old Bear. The name was plainly painted on the stern, and the captain of the yacht having seen that this was the ship he was after, moved quickly alongside again, this time with only a couple of hundred feet of water between the two ships. During the slight interval the crew of the yacht had been busy, and now a forbidding looking cannon pointed its ominous muzzle towards the Bear.

"I'm after the gold, captain," said the first speaker, nonchalantly, "as no doubt you are aware. I'm going to have it quietly or I'm going to sink your ship. Which is it to be?"

"Whatever gold we have on board, if we have any, isn't mine. I don't see what good the sinking of the ship will do you, and it would be very inconvenient to me. Better sheer off and we'll say no more about it. I can take a joke as well as the next man."

For a time it looked as if the stranger heeded the good advice given him. The captain of the yacht rang full speed ahead and the sharp prow cut the water like a knife. The yacht described a large circle and seemed to be showing off its paces, but this, as the captain of the Bear remarked, was unnecessary, for he already knew that any scow on

the Pacific could pass him. However, it was soon evident that this was not the intention of the enemy. Ranging alongside once more, but this time further away, there was a cloud of smoke from the cannon, a sharp report and the crash of rending plates. A jagged hole had been torn in the ship's side near the bulwarks, which, while it did no harm, scarcely improved the appearance of the Bear.

Once more the yacht swung around the circle and again ranged alongside within a distance of 100 yards.

"Haul down the flag," said the captain of the big steamer.

"Well, captain," began the young man on the bridge when at speaking distance, "a practical lesson is worth any amount of talk. I merely wished to convince you that we know how to handle our guns and that our guns can penetrate your rotten plates. Besides, you will have something to show for your money when you get to port. I take it we will have no further trouble, but I'll give you five minutes more if you wish to consult together."

The miners had no desire to be drowned, neither did they wish to give up their gold.

"Get him aboard, captain," said their leader, "and we'll have a fight for it. We are all healed, and once we get that villain and part of his crew on deck here, you keep out of the way if you like, and we'll handle him."

"You couldn't run down that pirate, I suppose?" suggested another, more cautious than the rest.

"No more than I could run down Queen Charlotte islands with this craft," replied the captain dolefully.

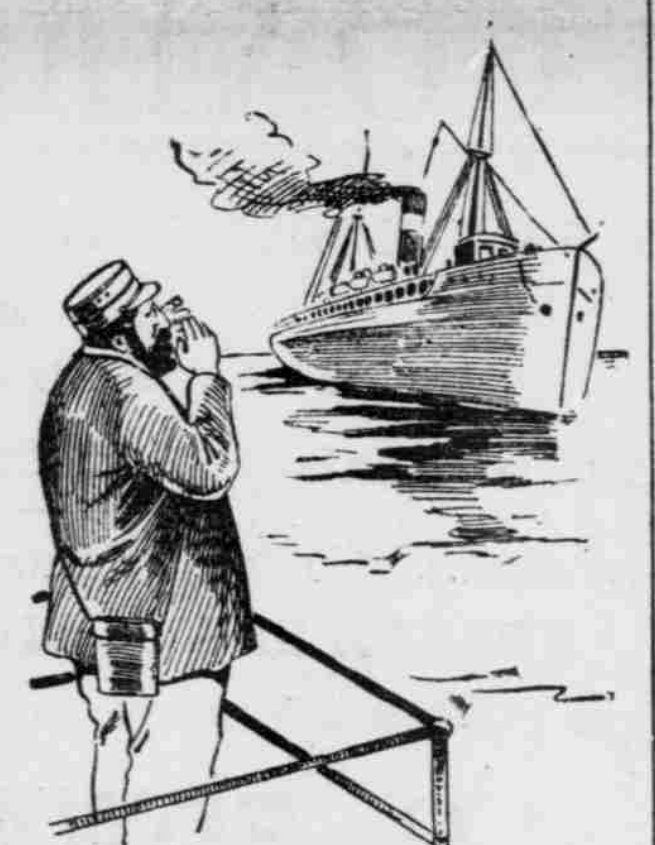
"Time!" shouted the man on the bridge.

"We'll give you the gold," said the captain, returning to his place.

"All right. And so that there will be no temptation to play us any tricks, for the amount I understand is demoralizingly large, I will stay here and receive your packages. Two of my men will go aboard you, and two others will work the ferry between your craft and mine. Those four men I can easily spare, and if you kill or capture them you are welcome to do so, but in that case I shall undoubtedly sink the ship. If you will think over the crisis for a moment you will see that nothing else is left for me to do. It is the only safe plan; therefore I trust there will be no trouble."

There wasn't. The miners saw at once that there was little use in making a row, and in a short time the precious cargo was transferred from the ship to the yacht. It came in boxes and bags, in large quantities and in small, and the man on the bridge opened every package so that there was no chance of fooling him. When the transfer was complete, the young man sang out:

"I wish you good day, captain, and a safe voyage. It may strike you as strange that I do not sink the ship now and so destroy all evidence against me. I assure you that I gave the plan the deepest consideration, and if, unfortunately, one life had been lost, you would all have gone to the bottom, but as it is, this is only robbery or piracy,



"IF YOU'VE FOOLED ME I'LL SETTLE WITH YOU LATER."

and I believe they don't hang for that now, so I chance your evidence against me, for I will be disembarked long before you can reach the nearest telegraph office. So, if I were you, I would plug right along to San Francisco and not give me the trouble of calling at Victoria or any of those intervening ports. Well; so long."

The yacht moved away from the ship at a speed which showed that all hope of keeping her in sight for long was hopeless. With sad hearts the plundered passengers watched her grow smaller and smaller to the south of them, while the Bear churned her leisurely course through the waveless sea.

At last the lookout shouted:

"The yacht's coming back, sir."

The captain put his glasses to his eyes and gazed for a long time at the horizon to the south.

"By jingo, she is," he said, turning a trifle less ruddy. Then he said to the mate: "What do you think of it?"

"He's probably changed his mind and is going to sink us. I thought he didn't seem to be more than half convinced when he talked of not doing it. What are we to do?"

"I don't know anything to do," said the captain, hopelessly, swearing inwardly that if he escaped he would have a faster steamer next voyage or quit the high seas.

Everyone aboard was now watching the northern-bound yacht, and the same disquieting thought seemed to run through every mind, even before one of the passengers gave voice to his fears. Suddenly the captain cried out with his glasses still to his eyes:

"So help me! It's not the same yacht. Look, Joe!"

The mate examined the approaching steamer and coincided with the captain's view. Soon all doubt was set at rest. The oncoming boat was seen to be much larger than the yacht and apparently much faster, speedily as the other had seemed in comparison with the Russian Bear. A big black-bearded giant with a voice like a foghorn was

in command. He wasted no time in talk, but sent a shot towards the Bear, a shot that skipped along the water and sank without coming within dangerous distance. Once more the Russian Bear lowered her flag, slowed down and stopped. The other came up with her.

"We want what gold you have on board," roared the man with the whiskers.

"We haven't any," replied the captain; "we've been—"

"I know better. You have \$5,000,000 worth of the stuff with you, and I'll have it without any more nonsense. I'm not running a moonlight excursion with a brass band on board. Surrender, or I'll sink you."

"You're too late. We've been robbed already."

"Oh, that's too thin. Every man hold up his hands; we're going to lay alongside and the man that moves gets shot."

"You're wasting valuable time," said the captain; "come round to the other side and see the shot he put through us, if you don't believe me. We don't get such marks as this on moonlight excursions, either."

"Here's the shot that came through the side," corroborated the mate, holding it up in his hands. All on board cried aloud that this was true, and the pirate made an emphatic remark regarding his future destination, which was as likely as not prophetic.

"Didn't you meet a rakish-looking, black-hulled yacht about half the size of your own?"

"Yes; and it seemed to me at the time she sheered off and showed that she didn't want to be hailed. But as we didn't, either, I took no notice. Thunder! I can overhaul her before she reaches port. Any idea where she was making for?"

"No, but as her master advised me not to drop into Victoria, I suspect he intends to run in there himself."

The pirate circled the Russian Bear, and the captain thereof saw him examining the hole made by the cannon shot through his glass. Evidently convinced, he rang full speed, shouting back to the Bear: "If you've fooled me, I'll settle with you later."

No one slept on the Russian Bear that night. She veered toward the west and a keen lookout was kept till morning broke. Some fancied they heard cannon firing in the distance, but no one was sure. Toward evening of the next day the outlook aloft shouted that there was something to the southwestward, and the Bear's course was laid in that direction. They came upon the yacht with one mast standing, on which flew a signal of distress. The smokestack and the other mast was gone, and the yacht lay helpless, with her prow high and her stern ominously low in the water. Men were pumping with feverish industry.

"Yacht ahoy!" cried the captain of the Bear. "Where's the other fellow?"

"You ask no questions and you won't be disappointed with the answers. I am ready to make a fair bargain with you, captain, if you are."

"Well, you don't look in condition to drive a very hard one."

"Oh, I'm in better shape than you think. We're good for two or three hours yet. You proposed to call this a joke and I'm ready to do so now. We'll put the treasure back on your old tub and you give us safe passage to port and no questions asked or answered when we go ashore. We're miners from Klondike, we are."

"That's compounding with piracy," objected the captain.

"Oh, no, it isn't. You said yourself it was a joke. Of course we were merely going to port to wait till you came. Anyhow, we're not going back empty to get into prison, you can make up your mind on that point. We stop pumping and down she goes, gold and all."

The passengers implored the captain to let bygones be bygones as long as the gold was recovered. The safety of the gold was his duty, they said.

"All right," cried the captain. "You put the gold aboard just as you took it off. Then each man must come on deck separately and must submit to be put in irons. I must insist on that for the safety of the ship. I'll let you free as soon as we are tied up at the wharf."

Each passenger swore he would not inform on the pirates, and when all the gold was once more on the ship, together with the prisoners, the old Bear moved slowly on while the yacht disappeared stern foremost. And because the passengers and crew all kept their oaths, this marine incident never got into the papers until now.—Detroit Free Press.

Trapped.

Once a shrewd contractor found himself at the same inn with a rival who always trod close on his heels. He was followed about and cross-questioned incessantly, and gave vague answers. Within half an hour of sending in the prices for the job to be contracted for he went into the coffee room and sat himself down in a corner where his rival could not overlook him. There and then he filled up his tender, and as he rose from the table, left behind him the paper on which he had blotted it. As he left the room his rival caught up the blotting paper and, with the exulting glee of a consciously successful man, read the amount backward.

"Done this time," was his mental thought as he filled up his own tender £5 lower, and hastened to deposit it.

To his utter surprise the next day he found that he had lost the contract, and complainingly asked his rival how it was, for he had tendered below him.

"How did you know you were below me?" "Because I found your blotting paper." "I thought so. I left it on purpose for you, and wrote another tender in my bedroom. You had better make your own calculations next time."

—Spare Moments.

In order that hay fever victims may not suffer from the presence of flowers the chance of the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, N. H., is during the period of their attack only decorated with foliage.

OLDEST ANIMAL ON EARTH.

Giant Tortoise of Aldabra—Some Interesting Facts of Natural History. Mr. Walter Rothschild has procured for this country, and installed in the Zoological society's collection, the oldest living creature in the world. It is one of the giant tortoises of Aldabra, sufficiently remarkable for its size, for it weighs a quarter of a ton, but even more interesting from the record of its age. This gives it a known life of 150 years, with the unknown increment of its age previous to its transportation to the Island of Mauritius. It is, we believe, the same tortoise which was mentioned in the treaty between Great Britain and France when the island was ceded by the former country in 1810, and has therefore changed its status four times in a century and a half as a national heirloom.

In the bishop's garden at Peterborough one died in 1821 which was said to have exceeded 220 years. The Lam-beth tortoise, which was introduced into the garden by Archbishop Laud about the year 1625, and died in 1753, owing to some neglect of the gardener, lived in its "last situation" 128 years. In 1833 Sir Charles Colville, governor of Mauritius, sent to the Zoological gardens a tortoise weighing 285 pounds. It was four feet four inches long, and had been in Mauritius for 67 years. The exact period was known, for this tortoise was brought to that island from the Seychelles in 1766 by Chevalier Marion du Fresne. At that time it was full grown, so that its real age was probably much greater. In the Museum of Natural History at South Kensington are remains of Aldabra tortoise of the species now presented to the Zoological society by Mr. Walter Rothschild, which, though only known to be 80 years old, weighed 870 pounds, and was still growing at the time of its death.

The structure of the tortoise contributes a large share of their preeminence in length of life. Their bodies are spared the whole of that exhausting process of collapse and expansion which we call "breathing." The cruel wear and tear of this incessant motion, involving work of lungs, muscles, ribs and air passages, unnoticed in health, but one of the most distressing facts revealed by illness, does not fall on the happy tortoise. His "shell," packpiece, and breastplate alike, is as rigid as a piece of concrete. He sucks in air by making a vacuum with his tongue, and swallows it like water, the reservoir instead of a stomach being his capacious lungs. In addition to this enormous saving of energy, the tortoise enjoys two other structural advantages. He has no teeth to break, decay, get out of order, and ultimately starve him to death, like those of an old horse or broken-toothed rabbit. Instead he has sharp, horny edges to his mouth, which do not break or get out of order. And, lastly, there is his impenetrable shell.

A very curious fact in relation to the giant tortoises is their isolation on small, remote, ocean-surrounded islands at vast distances from land and from each other. Aldabra, for example, is a small, uninhabited island in the Indian ocean, northwest of Madagascar. Others are found in ocean archipelagoes, like the Seychelles, or recent volcanic islets, like the Galapagos off the Pacific coast of South America. One rather attractive theory for this isolation of the big tortoises traces their "plantation" on these desolate islands to the old buccaners. It has been contended that the Galapagos islands were the original home of the giant tortoises, and that the rovers, who stocked them on board ship and kept them alive for long periods, may have left them at places of call, even in remote oceans, during the long periods in which buccanering flourished.—London Spectator.

USES FOR RATTLESNAKE SKINS.

A Pennsylvania Factory Working on an Inexhaustible Supply.

Down at West Pike, on Pine creek, in Pennsylvania, is the only factory of its kind in the country. There slippers, neckties, belts and bicycle caps are made from rattlesnake skins, and next season waistcoats will be turned out from the same material.

The firm has been making horsehide gloves and mittens for motormen and railroad men for several years, and last spring began to utilize rattlesnake skins, for which there was no market. The skins came to the factory salted and with the heads cut off. The operatives will not touch a skin that is not free from every scrap of the head in which the poisonous fangs are concealed. Sometimes the rattles are still attached to the tail. The skins are tanned and scraped, the operation requiring 30 days. The operation removes all the disagreeable odor of the raw skin and brings out the brightness of the black and yellow mottle.

Two men and three girls are employed in the work, and by the first of November the supply of skins on hand will be worked up. The raw skins come from the northern tier of Pennsylvania counties, from the Lake George region, Colorado, Wyoming and Michigan. The skins bring from 25 cents to \$1.50 each, according to size, those of the black or male being the most valuable. The biggest skin received this season measured seven feet and one inch. That big rattler was killed on Phoenix run, in Potter county, and made music with a string of 26 rattles. The rattles are converted into scarf pins and sold at fancy prices. Orders for the output of the factory have been received from nearly every big city in the United States. The supply of rattlesnakes is practically inexhaustible, as they are found in large numbers in a dozen states and multiply rapidly.—N. Y. Sun.

Highest City Death Rate.

The highest death rate of any town in the civilized world is said to be that of the City of Mexico—40 per 1,000. The city is 7,000 feet above the sea level; but in spite of this fact its defective drainage makes the mortality very great.—Chicago Chronicle.

A HEROIC RESCUE.

Jobson Accomplished It, But the Romance Was Knocked Out.

I was standing on the sidewalk with Jobson the other day when a runaway team came down the street, scattering the vehicles and humanity in every direction.

Jobson, like nearly every other man in sight, took off his hat and yelled "Hi!" at the horses with the result of increasing their speed.

"Why didn't you run out and stop them?" I asked.

Jobson smiled peculiarly.

"Ever tell you," he said, "about the thrilling rescue I once accomplished in that line?"

"I think not."

"Circus was in town," said Jobson, "and the streets were packed to see the procession. Just as the elephants came along I noticed a very good looking young lady on horseback who seemed to be trying to get through the crowded street. She wore a beautifully fitting plain black riding skirt and had the loveliest figure and face in the world."

"Just as she came opposite where I was standing her horse appeared to take fright at the elephant, as horses will, and began to rear on its hind legs and plunge about at a terrific rate. The young lady was very pale, but she kept her seat wonderfully well and did her best to hold him down."

"I saw the danger she was in and rushed between the jam of vehicles and grabbed the horse's bridle. He lifted me up about nine feet and pawed the skin off my left shoulder, but I held on like grim death. He must have dragged and slammed and jerked me along nearly a whole block before I got him comparatively quiet."

"When he simmered down I took off what was left of my hat, managed to get in a little breath and with the kind of smile I imagined other heroes used on such occasions, hoped the young lady was not frightened."

"She gave me the sweetest kind of a smile, murmured her thanks and handed me her card."

"You must come to see me," she said, with a look of gratitude that made my heart jump, and she rode up the street, sitting like a female Centaur in her saddle.

"All kinds of visions flashed through my head—wealthy banker's daughter—love at first sight—papa and mamma shedding tears of thankfulness—orange blossoms, etc."

"When I limped back to the sidewalk I glanced at the card eagerly. It bore these words: 'Mlle. Adele Blanc, Champion Lady Bareback Equestrienne and Daring Female Rough Rider and Horse Tamer of the World; with Barney & Bailum's Circus.'"

"And that," said Jobson, "is why I simply yelled at that runaway just now, like a sensible man, instead of trying to stop it."—Detroit Free Press.

SECURED A REELECTION.

Why the Old Officers Were Chosen Unanimously for Second Terms.

"I expect you had an awful time at the election last night," said the girl who hadn't attended the annual meeting, "for I heard that nearly all the girls wanted to be president, and that there was going to be a terrible fight."

"There wasn't," explained the president, sweetly, "not a bit of trouble, and all the old officers were reelected, too. You see, I wanted to be president myself this year, and Alicia Brown wanted to stay in office, too, so we fixed up a little plan between us, and it was a famous success."

"What did you do? Hurry up, and tell me!" the other girl exhorted her excitedly; "how on earth did you manage it?"

The president smiled happily. "Oh, Alicia and I talked it over before hand," she said, "and just as soon as the meeting was called to order and before the girls had got through talking she made a motion that the oldest girl in the club be made president always, and Lucile Hicks seconded it. She wanted to be secretary again, you see. So I put the motion, or the question, or whatever it was, and Alicia and Lucile said 'Yes' very loud, and all the other girls did the same without understanding what it was all about in the least. My! but some of them were mad afterward, though."

"What happened then?" asked the other girl, "did they tell their ages under protest?"

"No, indeed, not a bit of it," responded the president, smiling again. "I just knew they wouldn't. When they found out what it meant they wouldn't say a word, so Alicia got up again and moved that all the old officers be elected over again unanimously. And every girl in the room shouted 'Yes.' They were glad of any way out of the difficulty."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Virginia Mixed Pickles.

Take 75 large cucumbers, half a peck of green tomatoes, 15 large white onions, two heads of cabbage, one pint of grated horseradish, half a pound of mustard seed, half a teacupful of ground pepper, half a pint of salad oil, one ounce each of celery seed and cinnamon, and two ounces of turmeric. Slice the tomatoes and large onions, chop the cabbage, quarter the cucumbers, and add the small onions whole. Mix with salt, let stand 24 hours, drain and pour over strong vinegar. Let stand two days, strain, mix the spice well, boil 1½ gallons of vinegar, pour over the pickles boiling hot; repeat this three mornings, heating the same vinegar; the last time add a pound of sugar and the oil.—Housewife.

To Make a Poultice.

A poultice should never be made thick or heavy. Its weight oppresses the patient. It should be frequently renewed, for when it becomes cold a poultice is more frequently an injury than a remedial agent. The virtue of a poultice is most potent when it is warm and moist. Yet it must not be so moist as to drip, or it will cause great discomfort to the patient.—Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS.

Her Choice.—Enthusiastic Cyclist (just after a century run)—"I tell you what, if I had to give up either I'd rather give up my wheel than my cyclometer."—Judge.

Little Dot—"Mamma! Mamma! Mamma (in next room)—"What?" Little Dot—"My kittle has caught a mouse, and she acts hungry. Please come and cook it for her."—N. Y. Weekly.

Fame.—"I must confess," said the Frank Young Woman, "that your poetry is woefully obscure." "Exactly," admitted the Major Poet, cheerfully. "And that is why I am not."—Indianapolis Journal.

Sweet Forgetfulness.—Perkins—"Has Slopay ever paid you that ten dollars he borrowed last year?" Dobson—"No; I guess he has forgotten all about it—he is just as social and friendly as he ever was."—Puck.

"I knew Jagway had once lived in Colorado, but I didn't know he had ever been worth \$50,000. How did he run through with it?" "Sunk it in canals." "Irrigating?" "Yes—and alimentary."—Chicago Tribune.

Cragin—"I respect a man who is really in search of information, but there are some persons who seem to ask questions simply for the sake of asking them." Digby—"That's so. There's Dittmer, for instance. He asked me to-day when I was going to pay that ten dollars I borrowed of him last month."—Boston Transcript.

Destruction.—"Carthage must be destroyed!" shouted Cato, with all the violence and pertinacity habitual with the man of one idea. The opposition was disposed to filibuster. "How?" they asked, insistently. For the destruction of a town was no easy matter in those days, the practice of renting houses out being as yet quite unknown.—Detroit Journal.

DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Turks Think Them Unclean, But Still Treat Them Kindly.

The reason why there are so few dogs who have homes and masters is not hard to find. It is because the Turks have a queer idea—it is part of their queer religion—that dogs are such unclean animals that they must never be allowed to enter a house. On the street, however, they feed them and even pet them; and when a man knows that he has done something wrong he will often try to make up for it by feeding all the dogs he can find. Sometimes when rich Turks die they leave sums of money to be spent in feeding the street dogs, just as in America people leave money to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Turks never strike or hurt a dog; so if, as sometimes happens in Constantinople, you see a man kicking or beating some poor, howling animal, you may be very sure that he is a Greek or an Armenian. Nor do the Turks ever kill vagrant dogs, but think it right to allow them to exist as best they can.

So there have come to be in the streets of Constantinople hundreds and hundreds of wolf-like dogs, about the size of small setters or pointers, but different from them in that they have narrow, long heads. Yellow dogs, black dogs, brown dogs and white dogs, you see them everywhere—on the sidewalks, in the gutters, on the doorsteps, under the carriages, in every corner or hole into which a dog can creep and curl himself up into a round bunch. All day long they lie huddled up or stretched out on their sides, fast asleep, no matter how much noise goes on about them. In the busiest business streets they lie by twos and threes in the middle of the sidewalk, where hundreds of patient people step over them or go around them, and never think of making them get out of the way. In the side streets and small squares there are often assemblages of 20 or 25 sleeping in the greatest peace and harmony until some dog from another street ventures in, when there is at once a great deal of barking and sometimes severe fighting; for even if these dogs have no homes, they have certain districts or places which they consider their own and will permit no one not belonging to their particular set to enter. Thus the street of butchers in Pera, the nicest quarter of Constantinople, has some 20 or more dogs who are always to be found there. I saw two dogs lying day after day in front of one of the great banks; and one fond mother dog brought up four puppies in an uncovered box at the gateway of the British embassy.—Oswald Garrison Villard, in St. Nicholas.

For Seaside People.

When once the big ship has struck its regular gait on the regular ocean swell, the novice easily learns that he is at sea. Experienced travelers, women especially, often give up at this point, and lie quietly in their berths for 24 hours. A strong will may hasten the cure, but it cannot greatly delay the inevitable nor hold the elements down; nor will champagne nor brandy. To be in good condition before sailing (to which a one-grain calomel pill swallowed two nights previous may contribute), and to eat a little plain food often when on board, so that the stomach is not empty, aids recovery. The most disconsolate, if they can be persuaded to it, often rally on hot gruel with a little salt in it. The best way to get over being seasick is to go on the water at every opportunity. You will soon become used to the motion of ships.—Boston Globe.

Statistics of Hungary.

Politically Hungary is divided into 33 counties, containing from 50,000 to 126,000 inhabitants. There are